

"Vide Muchas Visiones":
Tales of Visions and Destinies from Rural Mexico

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To get to Atanasia's house we climbed the steep street from the church plaza to the base of a cerro overlooking the town. In 1983, when doña Atanasia still lived here, the street was rough, rocky, unpaved, and lined with houses of people with whom she was no longer speaking. I came by that August, asking names and ages in an attempt to get to know the town. Regarding me with desconfianza, she gave her name as Atanasia Macareno ca Ramírez.

"Ca Ramírez?" The form was unusual, singular.

"Yes, my husband is Manuel Ramírez, I live in his house, so Atanasia ca Ramírez."

I wrote it down in the small notebook I carried.

Hers was a house in the old style, a collection of one-roomed jacales roofed with maguey leaves rather than a single flatroofed building, one of the few jacal compounds still in use here. And the house was hers, not her husband's. It had been left to her decades earlier by an old, childless uncle. This fact came out only later.

"And how old are you?"

"No sé los años que tengo." I wrote this down, too. She later speculated that she was 75, or 80, or 85; her birth certificate had been lost in a fire at her parent's house.

Four months later, in December, her husband died. It was not until March of 1984 that we again climbed the rocky street and passed the curious eyes of neighbors who did not speak with Atanasia. She seemed happy to have someone to talk with, someone to listen to her complaints about her bitter life. We were eager to listen. I struggled to record her turns of phrase in my notebook. Soon we began to hear, mingled with the complaints and observations, a series of stories she spontaneously introduced into the conversation, as if simply recounting something else that had happened that day. These stories had been told to her, she said, by her old uncle when she was young.

Había una señora, sabe en qué tiempos serían, que tenía muchos perros. Ya ve que los perros siempre ladran de noche. "Toda la noche ladran," decía la señora, "sabe qué verán."

Al fin pues la señora fue a ver al padre, a decirle que ella quería ver lo que sus perros miran de noche. Y el padre la dijo como hacerle para que viera eso. "Saque las lagañas de los perros," le dijo, "y las pone en sus ojos."

Entonces ya fue la viejita y les sacó las lagañas a los perros y aquí se los puso, por aquí en los ojos. Muchas visiones vido la viejita en la noche. No ve que la noche no es igual al día.

Luego otro día fue la viejita a ver al padre.

"Bueno, señora, y ¿qué vites?"

"Vide muchas visiones."

Entonces ya se quedó la viejita, que "Ya vide lo que los perros miran de noche."

In this paper I approach the question of cosmogony from a perspective that is, I suspect, somewhat distinct from those of the other presenters at this panel. The first problem I face stems from the fact that the question of cosmogony as it is normally defined — a story or theory of the

creation of the world — is in a sense off limits in the town of Mexquitic (S.L.P.).¹ The town has been more or less orthodoxly Christian, as far as written evidence and oral history can tell us, from its foundation by Tlaxcalans in 1591. Today the municipio is divided between a Catholic majority and an Evangelical minority — Atanasia's own daughter, as we later found out, attends services at a Baptist church, though she equivocates as to whether she has ceased to be Catholic. Yet all groups claim to represent Christian orthodoxy, and none challenges the creation story as laid out in the first chapters of Genesis.

Yet many find that they live in a world not completely explained by the Biblical story of origin. The book of Genesis tells us the beginnings of what we see by daylight, but you know that night is not the same as day; there are things that are hidden from our sight. We live in a world filled with many visions.

The trope of *muchas visiones* applies also to the divergent interpretations and different degrees of importance that various people in Mexquitic give to attempts to understand the world through story, whether the story of Genesis or Atanasia's stories. I cannot and do not claim that the stories told by Atanasia's uncle and retold by her to us (and retold again today, by me to you) come from a common stock of folk wisdom, nor do I propose to present them as representing the cosmology of a people.² The only other people in Mexquitic who know some of her stories, as far as I could discover, were the family of her uncle's other niece. They may conceivably be remnants of a vanished trove of folktales, but they may just as plausibly be considered the artistic inventions of an old storyteller earlier in this century, later reinvented by his storytelling nieces. But Atanasia is not the only one who has expressed a desire to understand the world through tales. Others tell stories, though I have found few quite as striking as Atanasia's, and others recount the everyday events of life in an effort to understand how they might fit into some scheme of the cosmos. I therefore prefer to think of these stories as some of the many visions of the world that have been seen in Mexquitic. I would even say that desire to break through the limits imposed on understanding by our feeble daylight vision, and to understand the hidden but true nature of the cosmos, is what leads some in Mexquitic to follow either orthodox or arcane spiritual paths — what leads some to turn towards Evangelical interpretations of Christianity; others to embrace a more militant Catholicism; others to join in an astonishing variety of spiritualist approaches to dealing with the world; and yet others to reject organized religion altogether.

The absence of a common corpus of stories and interpretations in Mexquitic, as I see it, results from the town's history — though in declaring this I realize I may simply be imposing my own sociological cosmogony on the people of the town. As a frontier pueblo de indios, colonial Mexquitic was "Indian" as defined by the colonial power structure, but situated in a place not conducive to the creation, much less the maintenance, of an active sense of community. Title to land, the basis of wealth, theoretically belonged to the community as a whole, but in practice it was held by individual families. At the beginning — from 1591 to about the 1760s — there was so much land available relative to the number of families that each took more or less whatever they wanted to use. By the late eighteenth century, with a sharply growing population in the pueblo and encroachment by large estates all around, family holdings were being converted into de facto private property, with the greater share held by the local political elites; this turn of events was not discouraged by the reforming administrators of Bourbon New Spain.

1. On Mexquitic, see Ruth Behar, *Translated Woman: Crossing the Border with Esperanza's Story* (Beacon, 1993) and David Frye, *Indians into Mexicans: History and Identity in a Rural Mexican Town* (Texas, 1996). In the latter I quote Atanasia (a pseudonym) on p. 63.

2. The exception is the story, retold below, of the man who marries a witch; this story was told to me by another man, and has in addition been recorded from Veracruz to New Mexico.

The colonial pueblo itself retained ownership of rather extensive "community lands," in order to raise money for tribute, fiesta expenses, and the local Indian hospital. But these fields were not worked by the pueblo as a community; instead, they were — from the beginning — rented out, usually to outsiders from the city of San Luis.³ In other words, the colonial pueblo never had the kind of landed base that might shape a sense of collective identity. The individual household was, instead, the basis of property, of work, and of wealth, and this basis became entrenched with the privatization of community lands in the 1820s.

A young man I had a conversation with in Mexquitic in January 1984 produced a telling metaphor in which he portrayed the individualism I see there as a kind of Mexican national characteristic. The ejido of Las Moras, he was telling me, was supposed to be organized as a cooperative, "but it's not really working out. You see, here in Mexico we can't do anything as a cooperative. Not even football [i.e. futbol, soccer] — you see that, with all the football we play, Mexico doesn't have a single good football team, while with boxing, we do have a few good boxers. It's because nobody wants to play with the team, everyone wants to be the best. And with cooperatives, the government keeps trying to get us to form cooperatives, but they never work out."

Others in Mexquitic would express this sense of individualism more proverbially. "Cada cabeza, un mundo," is one way of putting it: each person constitutes another way of seeing the world, another way of interpreting and understanding it, and thus in effect, is another world. Atanasia's favored proverbial expression of individualism stressed the hidden dangers, of greed or envy or evil, that may lurk in those other worlds of other people. "Caras vemos pero corazones no conocemos." We see the smiling faces and hear the polite words of others, but we cannot know what agenda they are hiding.

My own hidden agenda — let me lay it out for you now — is simple. The stories Atanasia told us are still rattling around inside my head today, thirteen years later. I have never known what to do with them; I cannot, nor would I want to, claim that they are in any sense representative of Mexquitic, relics of a lost collective tradition. They are Atanasia's stories — or, to hear her tell it, the stories of her late uncle, retold by her. Today all I want to do is to retell them again.⁴

—Pues qué hacemos en esta triste vida. Pues sufrir, aguantar lo que el señor Dios nos mande — aire, agua, calor, frío, — hasta que él nos diga que hasta allá y no más, hasta que ya llegamos a la raya. Porque todos llevamos raya, no nos moremos así nada más.

—¿Y dónde tenemos esta raya?

3. I cover this land history in *Indians into Mexicans*. I find it significant that land was legally privatized in the pueblos de indios of San Luis Potosí by the state legislature in 1827 (considerably before the national Leyes de Reforma of the 1850s) with no recorded dissension from Mexquitic or the other former Indian pueblos of the altiplano; indeed, by the next year certain elite families of Mexquitic were selling land to the neighboring haciendas. The only category of land that may have been worked collectively, as far as I have been able to discover, were the *cofradía* lands (though I suspect they were instead rented out or given a *medias* to local families); yet these were also privatized, without recorded dissent, by the 1830s.

4. I say "retell" because I did not use a tape recorder for these interviews, and have therefore had to reconstruct the stories from my handwritten notes. Atanasia told the stories twice, on March 7-8 and on March 30 (except for the opening story, told only on April 30); I have used my notes from both of these tellings to construct a single, more or less complete version of each story. If some would object to this procedure, my defense is that each telling is in any case a translation, a selection of what to transmit and what to omit; by omitting the scholarly apparatus and by filling in the blanks in my faulty original recording of the stories, I hope to more faithfully transmit the essence of the stories as stories. I will be making a transcript of my original fieldnotes available, in case anyone should want to compare the different versions.

—Pues en la cabeza, ahí está escrito el número. Todos llevamos una raya en la cabeza y hasta allí podemos llegar y no más. Nada más andamos por andar, atrás anda la Santa Muerte.

Había un niño, estaría chiquillo, ya estaría grandecillo, no sé. Y le preguntó a su mamá, que "¿Quién es mi papá?"

Y ella, la mamá, no decía nada. Y el niño a preguntí preguntí y hasta que al fin, "El diablo. Tu papá es el diablo."

Y el niño dijo, "Yo voy a encontrarle." Y se fue él. Y se fue y se fue, lejos, y fue andando. Y hasta que encontró un caballero y el caballero le dijo, "¿Qué haces, buen niño?"

"Voy a buscar a mi papá."

"¿Y quién es tu papá?"

"El diablo, que dice mi mamá que mi papá es el diablo."

"Pues yo soy."

Y le llevó la cosa mala y le trajo a su casa, que es el infierno. Ya en el infierno el niño vido que había unos cazos que estaban a jiervi jiervi, como chicharrones, y había muchos diablos ahí trabajando, cuidando a los cazos que no dejaran de jervir. Y la cosa mala dijo a todos los otros diablos, "Mañana vamos aparte y aquí dejamos cuidando al niño."

Y a todos les parecía bien y al día siguiente se fueron.

"Aquí te quedas, niño, mucho cuidado que no dejen de jervir los cazos."

Y estaban los cazos a jiervi jiervi como chicharrones. Y el niño quería comer, que tenía hambre, y echó agua a los cazos. Echó una tina de agua y luego otra tina y otra tina de agua y hasta que ya dejaron de jervir, el niño pensando agarrar algo de comer. Pero no eran chicharrones, los cazos estaban llenos de palomas, que eran almas. Y así como dejaron de jervir los cazos salían todas las almas volando como palomas, se fueron volando derecho a la gloria.

Luego en la gloria ven de repente que llegan todas estas almas y Dios nuestro señor mandó decir que "¿Quién sacó, quién libró todas estas almas del infierno? Tanta alma allí y no están todas santas."

"El niño." Todos decían que ese niño fue quien salvó todas estas almas. Eran muchas almas, muchas almas. Y este niño, claro, el niño ya era santo, fue a la gloria, se fue al cielo. Era angelito como había librado a todas estas almas.

Y como el niño todavía era vivo, no era muerto, Dios nuestro señor le llamó y le mandó decir, "Ya vete, ya anda a tu casa."

Y el diablo, pues qué, se dio contra el suelo, tanto coraje.

Así que el niño fue a su casa con su mamá. "¿Ya te venites?" Y él niño le contó toda la historia. Y este niño se hizo santo, tantas almas que salvó.

Atanasia used this story to illustrate her theory of the predestination of death, her idea that we all have a line in our heads that determines when it will be our time to die. The boy in the story had not reached his fated end, so even though he travelled to hell and to heaven, he was returned alive to his mother's house.

The story also has implications for notions of predestination and the afterlife. The orthodox Christian view is that souls in hell were condemned there by God to a deserved eternity of punishment. In Atanasia's story, the presumed moral basis of judgment is confounded by the slapstick physical humor of a boy who inadvertently saves souls — rescues them from the greedy clutches of the Evil One — when all he wanted to do was to steal a little chicharron. And in so doing, he becomes a saint. This is not an orthodox picture of sin, judgment, and condemnation as the underpinnings of cosmic meaning.

We raised these questions with Atanasia, but she quickly turned the conversations toward her own train of thought, and brought up another story.

—So are some souls taken off by the devil without being judged by God?

—Cuando uno se muere hay dos caminos, uno que va por acá y otro por acá, y uno tiene que escoger. Claro que la cosa mala lo rampuja.

En este mundo hay cosas buenas, hay cosas malas. Aquí estamos platicando pero uno no sabe el corazón del otro. Por ejemplo, ustedes están ahí sentados, platican conmigo, pero yo no sé lo que tienen en sus corazones. Unos semos buenos, otros semos malos.

Había dos juvenes, un muchacho y una muchacha. Dicen que esta muchacha era muchacha bonita bonita, y a este muchacho le gustó y ya se tratan de amores. Y ya se casaron, la muchacha con el hombre, y él la llevó a su casa a vivir. Y ya de recién de casar, dice la muchacha que comer no quería.

"Pues cómo, dime qué quieres comer, un caldo o qué."

Pero ella no quiere comer allí. La mamá del novio la dice que coma pero la novia no quiere y no quiere.

"Pues no, no quiero." Y no quería. Y dice, "Déjame ir a mi casa de mi mamá que quiero ver a mi mamá."

Y la dejó ir. Entonces una mañana sale ella para la casa de su mamá, pero el novio quiere saber por qué tiene que ir allí y no puede comer en la casa de su mamá y así él va siguiéndola de lejos. Y cuando llega a la casa de la mamá de ella,

"Ya vienes, mi hijita, aquí tienes tu bocadito, por qué no venías antes."

"Pues el hombre no me dejó ir."

Y el hombre ve que la mamá la da su bocadito y es una botellote de a litro a beber. Pues claro era una de esas, una bruja.

—¿Cómo?

—Era una papantera.

—¿Pero qué era lo que su mamá la dio de beber?

—Pues sangre, ya ve que las brujas viven de chupar sangre. Y el hombre dijo, "Pues esa no es gente buena, es gente mala, yo pensaba que la muchacha era gente buena."

Entonces ella y la mamá se sacaron los ojos y se los metieron debajo del jogón donde hacían lumbre y empezaron a dar unos brincos y a volar. Y ya cuando salieron las dos volando el hombre se metió en la casa y buscó los ojos de ellas ahí debajo del jogón y los metió entre la lumbre y los quemó. Y luego ya amaneciendo otro día llegaron ellas y fueron a buscar los ojos debajo del jogón y no los jallaron, como el novio ya los había quemado. Y el hombre las vido, apinadas, agachadas la mamá y la hija allá en el jugón buscando sus ojos.

Luego más tarde llegó la novia a la casa del hombre toda agachada, así tapándose la cara.

"¿Qué te pasa?"

"Me duele la cabeza."

"A ver."

Y ella levantó la cabeza y no tenía ojos, ahí sólo se le veía los puros botones.

Luego el novio fue a dar parte a la autoridad y contó todo lo que había pasado y que qué debía él hacer. Y ahí la autoridad le dijo que tomara lumbre y gasolina y que la quemara. Y así lo hizo. Ella se quemó y no se quedó nada.

Por eso digo que en este mundo hay malos y buenos, pero más malos que buenos. Hay mucha gente mala. Gentes peleoneras, que matan primos con primos o hermanos con hermanos. Mucha gente envidiosa, mucha gente invidiosa.

—¿Así que de veras existen las brujas?

—Pues, — pues sí hay, cómo no. Salen y vuelan por ahí por la noche y chupan sangre. Unas veces me han chupado a mí, no ven estas manchas tan feas que me quedaron aquí en las manos, en los brazos. Quién sabe cómo lo hacen. Dicen que por ahí pasan, por este cerro aquí atrás. Yo no las he visto pero dicen que por este cerro vuelan, van brinqui brinqui.

—¿Y a usted le han chupado?

—No ves que estos días que yo andaba mal del estómago.

—¿Porque le chupan?

—Sí, hay gentes malas de esas.

—¿Pero es que nacen brujas o se hacen brujas después?

—No todos semos buenos. Hay quién ande por ahí volando en la noche.

After telling us of her suspicions that her own sister-in-law had a hand in stealing some things from her house during her husband's wake, Atanasia concluded:

—Caras miramos pero corazones no vemos.

The world of night is filled with visions, but not all the visions you might see at night are good. The feeble eyes with which humans see by day can be augmented, as in the first story where the woman anointed her eyes with the miasma of dogs, to reveal what is normally hidden from human view. But in this story, we see the witches remove their limiting human eyes and hide them beneath the hearth, in order to prepare themselves for an evil, inhuman nightride. These eyes have to be removed to allow the witches to fly by night, but by day they serve the witches as a disguise. The eyes of the human face are not, in this telling, a "mirror of the soul," but quite the contrary: a human mask that allows witches to walk among humans in the daylight. When young man found the eyes and burned them, he destroyed the witches' disguise and revealed them for what they really were in their well-hidden hearts.

Atanasia spoke at times as if she saw herself as completely surrounded by people with pure evil hidden in their secret hearts, witches waiting only for nightfall to suck her blood. When we returned the next day to continue the conversation, however, she spoke in a mellower, more exploratory tone. She did begin by complaining, bitterly and at length, that no one ever came to see her, indeed, that no one had even invited her to a *levantada* that year; but from this base she went on to consider the varieties of human experience and the limits to human knowledge. She began with some oblique comments about Evangelists; we did not yet know then that her own daughter was involved with a Baptist congregation.

—There are people —Atanasia told us— who don't have images in their houses. The padre told us so in a sermon; he had been to confess a dying man, and there wasn't a single image in the whole house, not like here. Those people say they have faith in God, in Our Lord, but they say the images are just things, lifeless, that are bought and sold. It is true, las imágenes sí se venden; pero lo que yo digo es que ésta imagen es la apariencia, que está aquí como está allá arriba en el cielo. Allá arriba están los mejores, grandes y vivos como estamos vivos nosotros. Así como están aquí, están allá arriba.

Muchos no creen en la Virgen — luego, ¿de dónde vino nuestro señor? si no tuvo madre. De una mujer venimos, una señora nos tuvo. ¿Ustedes no tienen una biblia?

—Sí tenemos, cómo no.

—Entonces ustedes deben de saber más de todo esto que yo. Cuéntenmelo.

It is hard to express how uncomfortable it is to be challenged in this way. *She* is supposed to be telling *us* things. I'm the one writing things down in a little notebook, after all.

—But we want to hear you tell us about it. Tell us, where did María come from?

—How should I know? You should know, you've got the Bible, it has everything down there. What does it say about this?

—But it *doesn't* say. What do you think?

—Pues se formará de nuestro señor, de un soplo que dio....

We then spoke of Adam and Eve, of how the world was formed in six days, of the sea. She pressed us to tell her more about the sea: how large it was, whether there were people and lands on

the other side of it. She then went on to speak of the animales out in the cerro that could eat you. Ruth asked what animales, and Atanasia began:

El padre quería saber dónde acaba el mundo. Y salió con el criado, a buscar dónde acaba. El padre estaría muy ignorante, cómo estaría, y dijo al mozo "Pues vámonos" y se fueron. Caminaban y caminaban, estaban cinco días caminando sin llegar a donde acaba el mundo. Entonces llegaron a unas tierras lógrimas, solas, solas, y allí no había nada, nada, nada. Y vieron lejos una casa grande, blanca. Y allí en esas sierras lógrimas mandó el padre al mozo que fuera a aquella casa grande a traerle un vaso de agua, que tenía sed. Y se fue el mozo a la casa y el padre se quedó allá en este cerrito tan lógrimo, tan solo. Y llegó el mozo a la casa, era la casa del aire.

—¿La casa del aire?

—Sí. Y entonces se fue el mozo y fue llegando y tocó a la puerta y salió una señora grande. Era la mujer del aire. Y le dijo la señora al mozo, "¿Qué busca, buen cristián? Aquí no hay personas, no hay cristianos, yo vivo aquí con mi esposo el aire."

Y el mozo contestó, "El padre me mandó a pedirle a usted un traguito de agua, que el padre se moría de sed." Y se lo dio la señora, pero le dijo, "A ver si le halla, que yo no creo que se lo halla." Y le preguntó que qué hacían ellos por estas partes. Y le dijo el mozo que, "El padre quiere saber dónde mero acaba el mundo y salimos él y yo a buscar dónde." Y ella dijo que no sabía donde tampoco — hasta el aire no sabe donde acaba el mundo.

Y después cuando volvió el mozo a aquel cerrito ya no jalló el padre, se le habían comido los animales. "Bueno, y ¿qué hago yo aquí?" Y el hombre fue y se recogió con el aire, que "¿Dónde más voy a ir? Pues yo ¿por dónde voy? Estoy lejos de mi tierra."

"Pues no se descuide, no ande por aquí de noche. Pues le voy a decir una cosa, si de noche oyes una cosa, un estruendo grande, es mi marido el aire."

Y de veras, lo oye. Llega el aire. Y el marido dice que, "Vino aquí, que yo huelo a carne humana."

Y la mujer del aire le explicó todo, del padre y mozo y todo. Y el aire le puso la mesa y le dio de cenar al mozo. "¿Pues te vas a quedar aquí?"

"Pues cómo, mi tierra está muy lejos."

"¿Quieres ver a tu mujer, que se va a casar mañana?"

"¿Pues cómo...?"

"Acuéstate en este cajón y mañana la verás."

Y al otro día el aire le llevó en la caja y le puso en frente de la iglesia. "¿Te quieres verla en la hora que se va a casar? Pues ponte en frente de la puerta de la iglesia." Y al día siguiente vio que ahí estaba. Y ahí van llegando el novio y la novia, que era la mujer del mozo, y todos. Y ya cuando van a dar la mano de la novia al otro, sale el mozo y dice, "Esta mano es mía." Y ahí la lleva a su casa. Y él que se iba a casar con ella no más se quedó mirando.

Todo esto me lo contó mi tío, que él llegó a tener más de ochenta años.

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One way to understand these stories is in terms of "resistance." Resistance to authority, it could be argued, is built into at least two of the stories themselves. A boy one-ups his father, who happens to be the Devil himself, and thus becomes an accidental saint, inadvertently one-upping God Our Lord. An unnamed priest is so ignorant that he thinks he can discover the end of the world, but for his pains he is quietly swallowed off stage by wild animals, then completely forgotten as the story takes a new and seemingly irrelevant turn. (In the other stories, however, this kind of "resistance" is far from apparent: the priest in the opening snippet is wise, a font of information even about what is hidden in the night; the story of the man who married a witch would

seem only to confirm gender stereotypes, and relies on the authority of "la autoridad" — the municipal government — to sanction the man's witch-burning of his wife.)

Another level of "resistance" altogether could be read into the very existence of the stories. To the degree that they invoke understandings of the cosmos that are at odds, either implicitly or overtly, with orthodox Catholic interpretations, it could be said that the very act of telling them is one of resistance to the authority of the Church that has evangelized and enforced orthodoxy on the indigenous peoples of the Americas, including the people of Mexquitic (or their ancestors). I am, however, less inclined to see resistance in these tales than I am than to see in them further examples of the *failure of dialogue* that has characterized relations among the classes and social strata of Mexico (to go no further) over most of the past 500 years. In order to have resistance, as Benjamin Orlove has pointed out, there first has to be engagement between two sides, and that is precisely what has been lacking here.⁵ Atanasia, I would say — based on her own declarations —, does not resist the Church's claims to truth. Quite the contrary: she declares herself a fervent Catholic. If her Catholicism might fail some tests of orthodoxy, that is because the evangelizers never entirely connected with the objects of their evangelization.

Instead I would say that if there is resistance in the telling of these stories, it exists in their implicit argument that at some level dialogue is impossible. Where the priests, the scientists, the ingenieros and técnicos and bureaucrats of the modernizing world, the Mexico of NAFTA and IMF, insist that they have the answers, that they can measure and mine and construct and improve, Atanasia's stories insist on the limits to our human ability to know and to do. A complete understanding of the world is impossible. There are many visions in the night. Even the wind doesn't know where the world ends. We see faces but we don't know hearts.

Is this an Indian view of the cosmos? On this, I would like Atanasia have the last, ironic word.

—Aquí nos tratan de indios.

—¿Quién?

—La gente de allá. Pues sí somos indios. No tenemos dinero no tenemos nada, pues qué.

5 . Orlove, "Mapping Reeds and Reading Maps: The Politics of Representation in Lake Titicaca" (*American Ethnologist* 1992, 18:3-38).